

MEXICO MISSOURI MESSAGE.

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News and Comment

The new road law went into effect the first of this month.

Advice is a cheap medicine but usually a good one.

This cold weather has kept the reliable hens out of business.

"Wat" Crow, of Farber, is called East Audrain's sweet singer.

Certainly, a man's money takes wings when he goes out on a "lark."

Seems sometimes that the fool kides is a long ways behind with his work.

The editor of the Columbia Statesman objects to being dubbed "Colonel."

A bachelor may have no real happiness but he may escape a "heap" of misery.

A Vandalia girl calls her beau "Sweet William." Hope he'll always keep sweet.

John Crow, formerly of Farber, is realizing handsomely on mining property at Joplin.

Marshall is to have its fourth Democratic newspaper. One better than Mexico; you see the point.

Porto Rico is heretofore to be spelled Puerto Rico. Hope their government will be better and "Puerto."

Some men say nothing and saw wood; they may boast loud enough, however, about the saving afterward.

If some people who have their photos taken would "look pleasant" in their homes this might be a brighter world.

Look up and help to lift up; look down and always have nothing but a frown and the whole world will despise you.

The Vandalia school got then by one vote. Another killing like that on Christmas day and we surmise it will be more than one majority the other way.

The Paris Mercury says that many of the negroes of that town are like lilies—they toil not, neither do they spin. A few white men in that list down this way.

The Quakers are not so numerous in Philadelphia as they used to be, says that conservative newspaper, the Philadelphia Bulletin. Slater and some of the other Quays recently slipped the town.

The Chicago University objects to phonetic spelling. But the MESSAGE is 'gainst Chicago again. If enough will "jine" with us we'll spell it fonetic if you like. There are some idols we do love to see smashed.

The Lawson, Mo., school board has made a ruling that would make a good State law, under the title "An act for the non-suppression of education." No pupils of the Lawson school who smokes cigarettes can graduate from said Lawson schools.

We overheard an aged man cursing a little boy on one of Mexico's streets the other day. The man ended with the anathema, "O, you're a—fool," and the boy followed with, "And there are others." Both smart fellows, we thought.

The Shelbyville Herald tells the following: A young lady applicant for a school in Macon County was asked by one of the directors what was her position upon whipping children. The young lady replied: "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward." The young lady was immediately employed.

A county in Illinois comes proudly to the front with a grandmother only 25 years of age. She was married when only 11 years old; her daughter married when she was 12, and is now a mother. A grand old place around the cradle of the grandchild to prevent her from eloping, as it is rumored that several enterprising yearlings are already mashed on her.

If you don't want to backslide, keep a-moving forward.

Rev. Hanna preached to the Mexico jail inmates last Sunday.

A nickel in your pocket will pay more than the dollar some fellow may owe you.

Pity for the truth of it, but many resolutions are stronger at birth than at any other time.

Pittsburg is going to own her electric light plant. Mexico people are thinking along this line too.

A Ladonia reader sends us this valentine greeting: "I am glad indeed the MESSAGE is gaining in reputation and popularity. It is worthy, every way."

The St. Louis Republic.

The following is from the Pike County Post, and points the situation as we see it exactly.

The friends of Hon. D. A. Ball are very justly indignant at the improper and unfair course of the St. Louis Republic in its recent determined efforts to boost Mr. Dockery in the race for the Democratic nomination for governor of Missouri. It is held that the Republic, posing as the leading Democratic newspaper of the State, and drawing its support from all classes of Democrats, has no right to take sides between candidates for nomination on the Democratic ticket. Its proper course would be to give all candidates a fair show in the primary race and, when the nominations have been made, support the nominees with all its might. Any other policy can have but one result, and that is to lessen the influence and usefulness of the Republic as a party paper and breed discord and dissension in the party. But the Republic has repeatedly manifested its favoritism for Mr. Dockery and its disposition to injure the candidacy of Mr. Ball, and its recent poll of the Democratic papers was evidently made in the special interest of Mr. Dockery. We believe the people will resent this method of campaigning, and will see to it that the Republic is not allowed to forestall the action of the county conventions by nominating the candidate for governor several months in advance. If Mr. Dockery is as strong as the Republic claims he is, there is no need to bolster up his candidacy by unfair treatment to other aspirants and their friends. This policy, we predict, will only hasten a general uprising of the opposition all over the state and set the tide strongly in favor of Mr. Ball.

A Columbia paper tells this shocking story on a university boy from Joplin: The youth and his best girl went out driving one afternoon. They had come upon a fine stretch of road. "Do you believe in palmistry?" said he. "The reading on one's hand?" "I believe," she replied, "that if I could see the lines in only one of your hands I could foretell that we would have a very pleasant drive." He grasped the lines in one hand and the situation in the other.

A Fine Recommendation.

From the Pike County Post.

We understand that Hon. C. E. Clark, of Mexico, present representative of Audrain County, will be a candidate to represent this district in the state senate. The editor of the Post knows Mr. Clark well, having served with him in the Fortieth general assembly, and we hear cheerful testimony to his ability and integrity as a legislator. He is level-headed, energetic, industrious, of excellent character, and with a man who mixes well, takes well, and can and does accomplish good for his constituents. Mr. Clark has good experience, which is of the highest importance to success in legislative work. He served in the revising session of 1889 and again in the revising session of 1899. In the latter body he was chairman of the ways and means committee and discharged the duties of that responsible place with ability and satisfaction. He would make a useful man in the senate.

"Charge of the Trust Brigade."

Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward;

All in the valley of debt Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Trust Brigade! Charge high!" Mark Hanna said Into the valley of debt.

Rode the six hundred.

Forward the Trust Brigade! Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the people knew Hanna had blundered.

There but to wonder why Goods were so awfully high And they must pay or die;

Into the valley of debt Rode the six hundred.

Trusts to the right of them, Trusts to the left of them, Trusts to the front of them, Still on they blundered;

Priests went up pell-mell, Burdens began to swell;

Into the valley of debt, Into the mouth of hell, Rode the six hundred.

Must they the burden bear, Praying for light and air, While the trusts debauched? Robbed them and plundered? Robbed as they "look a smoke," Robbed 'till they all went broke?

Merchant and workmen Reeled from the heavy stroke, Shattered and Sundered, Bankrupt and beaten were All the six hundred.

Trusts to the right of them, Trusts to the left of them, Trusts were behind them, Which gleefully plundered;

'Till the consumer fell Like a cracked peanut shell, Off at the jaws of—well, That's all there is to tell Of the six hundred.

County Court.

W. W. Brown et al.—Petition to change public road public road; profit made by H. M. Long; tree-creepers receipt for \$20, robote damages, A. B. Littrell, ordered to commissioner.

Dr. E. McD. Bridgford, coroner, inquests, bodies of Stephen Walker and Ben Edleman, \$49.65.

A. B. Sims—Petition to change public road; commissioner's report change in condition of travel; change grant d.

Chas. H. H. et al.—Petition to change public road; commissioner's report right of way given change granted and ordered to commissioner \$2.9; to be opened.

A. J. Fry et al.—Petition to change public road; commissioner's report right of way not given; commissioner for damages.

A. H. Robertson—Petition for public road; commissioner's report right of way not given; commissioner appointed to assess damages.

J. H. Sallee vs. county warrants on 12 county jail prisoners, \$176.90.

Harry Richardson (et al.) keep ing colored boy one quarter \$10.

Gilbert Woltz, repairing court house, \$6.40.

J. H. Sallee—Supplies to county officers, \$35.08.

S. C. Foster—Supplies for p. o., \$8.40.

Woodridge & Pandy—Supplies to county officers, \$10.50.

Jackson & Cluster, letter heads for Surveyor, \$1.50.

Bickley & Moore, supplies for Court House, \$1.15.

Morris & Abbey, supplies for jail, \$11.50.

Joseph Schuman, supplies for jail, \$1.50.

Victor Brothers, supplies for jail, \$5.50.

Thomas F. Roden, supplies for jail, \$4.50.

G. H. Clark, hauling bridge lumber, \$4.25.

Thomas Hendricks, bridge lumber, \$14.75.

Dr. E. D. Vandever, examination insane, \$1.50.

R. D. Rodgers, account as Prosecuting Attorney, \$201.80.

B. W. Riley, bridge lumber, \$11.4.

G. D. Toggie, appointed Commissioner Road District No. 5 for three years vice J. W. Harris resigned to serve.

A school fund mortgage of Wm. Hill, recorded in Book 1, page 7 Recorder's office, having been filed in full March 8, 1899, and not closed, was by the court ordered closed.

During the present session the annual settlements with the following road overseers have been made:

NAME.	DIST.	AMT.
A. D. Hutchison	2	\$ 40.25
A. A. Galloway	3	64.02
Henry Schaeffer	4	65.11
J. L. Darnell	5	52.92
J. H. Gelvin	6	81.14
D. P. Boswell	7	35.89
E. A. Davis	8	112.53
S. P. Maxey	10	84.85
J. H. Scott	11	20.83
Henry Webber	12	181.33
J. S. Davis	13	292.85
C. A. Teague	14	95.79
F. C. Hicks	15	238.16
Fred Tomkins	16	123.43
J. L. Stewart	17	98.94
Alex Paris	18	99.64
D. D. Gray	19	148.23
Harvey Eubank	20	90.75
W. J. Fiedle	21	108.99
Jac. Cleveland	22	144.36
J. H. Harding	23	35.51
C. W. Arnes	24	103.83
J. W. Hammond	25	10.15
J. H. Nordland	26	87.86
G. A. Bamer	27	106.31
Willis Eastham	28	44.93
M. D. Quinlan	29	36.56
D. B. Barnes	30	141.98
A. B. Smith	31	140.98
E. M. Wadler	32	65.80
B. T. Price	33	147.35
T. B. Hamlett	34	173.70
Y. G. Thomas	35	150.46

L. E. Winn 59 97 12

J. T. Douglass 36 55 05

U. S. Maskey 61 85 08

G. F. Mayes 31 47 33

Jno. W. Day 34 32 31

J. H. Patton 28 98 50

G. W. Wilson 49 49 49

C. F. Jesse 47 58 00

F. M. Brand 21 319 40

J. O. Sims 29 52 44

J. H. Dempsey 30 37 68

J. W. Yenger 33 127 41

W. T. Hulen 37 82 10

J. M. Reynolds 38 77 26

G. A. Pollard 39 109 51

C. L. Brooks 43 160 01

E. L. White 41 27 82

L. A. Northcutt 44 92 18

T. N. Stuart 45 100 03

B. F. Fox 46 73 12

J. A. Miller 48 69 00

M. T. Grunett 55 46 31

E. B. Brown 57 29 50

The Stoutsville Banner in speaking of Col. M. Williams, of near Monroe City, says he went thru the Civil War under Gen. Grant.

Mr. Williams wrote the condition of the surrender between Lee and Grant, and has as a souvenir in his house to day, the marble stand upon which the agreement was written. He tells some wonderful stories and carries a number of marks on his body from wounds received during the war. He is not an old looking man but has probably had more experience than any man in the United States at present. He is also one of the best marksmen in the state and one time he killed seven Indian chiefs in less than two minutes.

Howard Bickley For County Attorney.

From the Vandalia Leader.

Howard Bickley, of Mexico, announces that he will be in the race for prosecuting attorney. Mr. Bickley is a sterling Democrat, having rendered the party valiant service in the last campaign, state and national. His friends have marked him for a winner.

Britons Not Always Red Coats.

The British soldier's dress was not always red. It was white in the reign of Henry VIII. and dark green in the time of Elizabeth.

IN THE FIRELIGHT'S GLOW.

BY ALICE HILL LONDON.

The stars are shining in the sky,
The moon hangs like a pale lamp high,
The children cluster on the floor,
Their elders muse on life and care,
And "Pantomime" of light and glow,
Draw near them to the midnight's glow.

In shadowy nooks and corners stand,
Clank on steel to clank, brand clanged in hand,
Earth seemeth to them much dearer,
And Heaven above seemeth nearer,
While future bliss they seem to glow,
As foretold by the midnight's glow.

The invalid rests in its light,
And thinks of the elms without brightly,
Her heart sends out a lesson of praise,
To the guide of all her ways,
Forgotten child and maid and boy,
As she sits in the firelight's glow.

The child's hand is in his arm's chair,
Dreams of those no longer there,
The face of his mother, once so bright,
Child's dear face once so gray,
Dreams of those no longer there,
While sitting in the firelight's glow.

ENTERTAINMENT.

The "Hoosier Club" will give an entertainment at the Rush Hill Public School building Saturday night, Feb. 17, 1900, for the purpose of raising money for a church organ.

The following program will be rendered:

1. "The Top Landing;" a farce in one act.
2. "Courtship Under Difficulties;" dialogue.
3. "An Evening's Romance;" a farce in one act.
4. "Jumbo Jump;" a negro farce in three acts.
5. A Wedding "Belle de Wat."

Music interspersed in the program. Admission 15 cents; children under five years free. Exercises open at 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all to be present.

PRISONER OF WAR.

"No rent again this month? This is the third time it has happened within the half-year. I'll go there myself and get the money, or I'll know the reason why."

Matthew Deane was in particularly bad humor this raw December morning. Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen—his clerk had tipped over the inkstand on his special and peculiar heap of paper—the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short, nothing went right, and Mr. Deane was consequently and correspondingly cross.

"Jenkins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Go to the Widow Clarkson's, and tell her I shall be there in half an hour and expect confidently—mind, Jenkins—confidently to receive that rent money. Or I shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures. You understand, Jenkins?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then don't stand there staring like an idiot," snarled Mr. Deane, in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterward Matthew Deane knocked the brown hair just sprinkled with gray from his square yet no unkindly brow. Putting on his fur-lined overcoat he walked into the chilly winter air fully determined, figuratively, to annihilate the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house which appeared originally to have aspired to two-storyhood lot, but cramped by circumstances, had settled down into a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazilian pebbles, and the doorsteps were worn by much scurrying. Neither of those circumstances, however, did Mr. Deane remark as he pulled the glittering brass doorknob and strode into Mrs. Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded in the stove, and at a table with writing implements before her sat a young lady whom Mr. Deane at once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's niece, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not discreditable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties, with shining black hair, blue, long-lashed eyes, and a very pretty mouth, hiding teeth like rice kernels, so white were they.

Miss Mellen rose with a polite nod, which was grimly reciprocated by Mr. Deane.

"I have called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen."

"I know it, sir, but as I am aware of her timid temperament, I sent her away. I prefer to deal with you myself."

Mr. Deane started—the end and anticlimax of the chase in gray, with secret glances in her hair, rather astonished him.

"I suppose the money is ready?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"Then, Miss Olive, pardon me, I must speak plainly. I shall send an officer here this afternoon to put a valuation on the furniture, and—"

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir."

Olive's cheek had reddened and her eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Deane turned toward the door, but ere he knew what she was doing, Olive had walked quietly across the room, locked the door, and taken out the key—then she resumed her seat.

"What does this mean?" ejaculated the astonished "prisoner of war."

"It means, sir, that you will now be a prisoner of war."

"I have called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen."

"I know it, sir, but as I am aware of her timid temperament, I sent her away. I prefer to deal with you myself."

Mr. Deane opened his mouth to protest, but Olive enforced her words with a very emphatic little stamp of the foot, and he was, as it were, stricken dumb.

"You are what the world calls a rich man, Mr. Deane. You own rows of houses, piles of bank stock, railroad shares, bonds and mortgages—who knows what? My aunt has nothing; I support her by copying. Now, if this case be carried into a court of law, my poor ailing aunt will be a sufferer—you would emerge unscathed and profitable. You are not a bad man, Mr. Deane; you have a great many noble qualities, and I like you for them."

She paused an instant and looked intently and gravely at Mr. Deane. The color rose to his cheeks—it was not disagreeable to be told by a pretty young girl that she liked him, on any terms;

yet she had indulged in pretty plain speaking. "I have heard," she went on, "of your doing kind actions when you were in the humor of it. You can do them, and you shall in this instance. You are across this morning—you know you are! Hush! no excuse; you are selfish and irritable and overbearing. If I were your mother, and you a little boy, I should certainly put you in a corner until you promised to be good."

Mr. Deane smiled, although he was getting angry. Olive went on with the utmost composure.

"But as it is, I shall only keep you here a prisoner until you have behaved, and given me your word not to annoy my aunt again for rent until she is able to pay you. Then, and not until then, will you receive your money. Do you promise? Yes or no?"

"I certainly shall agree to no such terms," said Mr. Deane, tartly.

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the pocket of her gray dress and sat down to her copying. Had she been a man, Mr. Deane would probably have knocked her down; as it was, she wore an invisible armor of power in the very fact that she was so fragile, slight woman, and she knew it.

"Miss Olive," he said, sternly, "let us terminate this mummery. Unlock that door!"

"Mr. Deane, I will not!"

"I shall shout and alarm the neighborhood, then, or call a policeman."

"Very well, Mr. Deane; do so, if you please."

She dipped her pen in the ink and began on a fresh page. Matthew sat down, puzzled and discomfited, and watched the long-lashed eyes and faintly tinged cheek of his keeper. She was very pretty—what a pity she was so obstinate!

"Miss Olive!"

"Sir?"

"The clock has just struck 12."

"I heard it."

"I should like to go out and get some lunch."

"I am sorry that that luxury is out of your power."

"But I'm confounded hungry."

"Are you?"

"And I'm not going to stand this sort of thing any longer."

"No?"

How provokingly nonchalant she was. Mr. Deane eyed the pocket of the gray dress greedily, and walked up and down the room pettishly.

"I have an appointment at 1."

"Indeed! What a pity you will be unable to keep it!"

He took another turn across the room. Olive looked up with a smile.

"Well, are you ready to promise?"

"Hang it, yes! What else can I do?"

"You promise?"

"I do, because I can't help myself."

Olive drew the key from her pocket with softened eyes.

"You have made me very happy, Mr. Deane. I dare say you think me unwomanly and unfeminine, but indeed you do not know to what extremities we are driven by poverty. Good-morning, sir."

Mr. Deane sallied forth with a curling complication of thoughts and emotions struggling through his brain, which gray dresses, long-lashed blue eyes and scarlet ribbons played a prominent part.

"Did you get the money, sir?" asked the clerk, when he walked into the office.

"Mind your business, sir," was the tart response.

"I pity her husband," thought Mr. Deane, as he turned the papers over on his desk. "How she will heckle him! By the way, I wonder who her husband will be."

The next day he called at the Widow Clarkson's to assure Miss Mellen that he had no idea of breaking his promise, and the next but one after that he came to tell the young lady she need entertain no doubt of his integrity. And the next week he dropped in on them with no particular errand to serve as an excuse!

"When shall we be married, Olive?"

Next month, dearest? Do not let us put it off later."

"I have no wishes but yours, Matthew."

"Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear that meek tone one would suppose you had never looked me up here and tyrannized over me as a father."

Olive burst into a merry laugh.

"You dear old Matthew! I give you warning beforehand that I mean to have my own way in everything. Do you wish to recede from your bargain? It is not too late yet."

No, Matthew Deane didn't; he had a vague idea that it would be very pleasant to be heckled by Olive!

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